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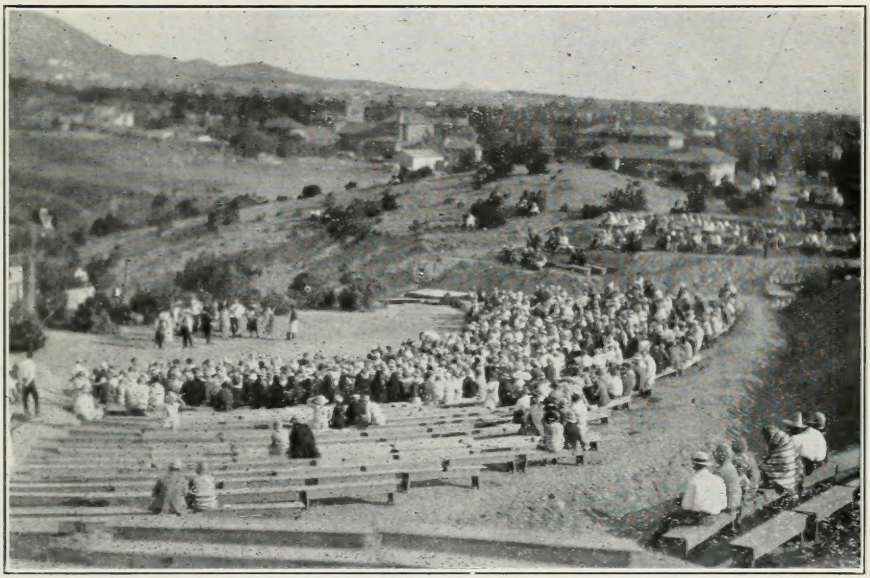

THE FIESTA BOWL

THE RAIN CLOUD IN INDIAN MYTH[1]

The first of the Greek philosophers, Thales, affirmed that Water is the *arché*, the Principle, of all things. And in so affirming he may indeed be said to have divined a truth which time and science have but the further emphasized, for we know that in fact, so far at least as life is concerned, that water is the prime essential of organic life. In the thin film of moisture comprising the oceans and the laden atmosphere which overlays our planet is, so far as we know, the one scant space of all our universe within which life is possible,—and with life all that to us can be the significant world.

One should not suppose that untutored men know this; one must guess that Thales himself half divined it as by miracle; but perhaps it is not strange that a fact so fundamental should have made itself felt, unconsciously, in the modes in which even the untutored have come to a perception of their world. And so it is that in the Old World and the New, the Powers that Abide in the Waters have been strong and significant in the imaginations of men for whom the water-quest is at times made in the peril of life and

1. From Lecture before Summer Session of School of American Research 1926.

who with each recurring season are bound to scan the skies with a questioning solicitude for its oracles.

Jupiter Pluvius, Odin and Thor, the Lords of the Thunderbolt, are familiar enough in Old World mythology. In the New World the rank and importance of the Rain-Givers is not less significant,—nay, in certain sections, such as the ever drought-threatened Plains or the arid Southwest, these beings become dominant and at times all-absorbing, so that one of the most interesting chapters of the native mythology is that which deals with a comparative study of the Bowmen of the Sky, the Thunderers, the Cloud-Winged, who move between Heaven and Earth, the Father and the Mother of All.

These beings are not exactly to be called "gods." The Old-World word does not quite fit. They are not truly spirits or daemons, although these words strike nearer to the thought. Actually one can only speak of them as Living Rain and the Living Bolt, flung for fructification or for destruction from the great Bowl of Heaven where they form spontaneously and monstrously, sometimes in answer to, sometimes in defiance of men's prayers and spells, whence it is important, solicitously important that these prayers and spells be danced without let or fault before the face of These Above.

In North America in the large there are two

fairly distinct mythologic types, in Indian lore, to be characterized as groupings of ideas rather than systems. Sometimes they are quite intermixed, and this is especially true with the Plains tribes, for it is toward the Plains that the two tend to converge, the one group having its node, its foyer, apparently in the Eastern Forests, the other in the Plateaux of the Southwest. But for the distinguishing of these groups there is probably no key idea that is better than that of the Rain-Givers, not only in the images of the myth itself but also with respect to its relative significance in the minds of the tribesmen.

To speak first of the Eastern idea, throughout the whole Forest and Plains area the Thunderbird is the dominant. The Thunderbird is the winged Raincloud of Summer,—like some vaster Eagle soaring through the sky to darken the blue and waken the lands beneath with the rumble of his distant wings, blind their dwellers with the flashes of his vivid eye, and finally to drench the sods with the downsweep of waters shed from his plumes. He is a Warrior and a warrior's oath and talisman, like Thor the Hammerer, giving his strength to men who know how to strike,— though his favor must be won by endurance and is to be kept only by tireless courage, —and in the mysteries he is Medicine, as are all strong and ever-renewing Powers. Not all the Indians conceive him as solitary and one; but

after the North American fashion there are multitudes of Thunderbirds which form and dissolve because of the presence somewhere in his mountain eerie of the Great Thunderer, invisible and indestructible, the veritable Idea and Essence of all that flash before mortal eyes.

Such is the Cloud-Being of the warrior tribes. In the Southwest, at least among the village folk, arduous agriculturists, is a conception more touched with the mystery of Earth's fructification, analogous not to Thor the Lord of the Hammer, but to the goddesses worshipped in the subterranean temple of Eleusis, who after the sacred marriage and the birth of the corn, sent forth the Genius of Life to bear their gift afar seated in a chariot whereof the steeds were plumed wing-borne serpents. It is in fact a bit startling to find yonder in Hellenic Greece the very image which is great and ancient here among our own Pueblo folk, but the strange begins to resolve when one reflects how those whose very life depends upon the intimate union of Earth and Sky, that the fields may live, the image of this union must be some composite of the mystical Genii that dwell in each hemisphere of being. And for Earth, who can know her secrets so intimately as the Serpent who penetrates to her bosom? And for Sky what other than the Winged One is his familiar? So the Plumed Serpent is borne, as inevitably as ever Nature gives birth

to form, and in his being men behold the avatar of all Heaven-begot and Earth-conceived Life. If the image carries beyond this, into the idea of Mystery-Power living subterraneously in men's minds and animating art and chant, altar and dance, can it be for any other reason than the untaught will of an imagination that *must* see cloud-vault and earth-cavern conspiring together for birth and life? So it was at Eleusis; so it is among the Pueblos.

There is a third step which was taken at the foot of Olympus and begun also here among the Atlantideans. Zeus, the Father, with the Thunderbolt for his sceptre, the Eagle for his messenger, and for his herald the caduceus-bearer, the Youth of the Winged Serpents, this Zeus is at the last no longer Sky nor Cloud, but a man greater and nobler than mortals can be outside their own imaginings. The two American ideas, in the loci which were perhaps their original cores, moved similarly toward the form of a Man-God dominating the elements. Thus it is that among the Iroquois, in the heart of the Forests, the Thunderers were Man-Beings, gigantic in stature but human even in their half emergence from chiaroscuro; Sky-Dwellers, like the Lord of Olympus, toward whom, ever to be again cast down, sprang up the envious Fire-Daemon of the lower Chaos. And again, among the Aztec, who caught the idea from an older Toltec,

and these from a yet more ancient race of maize-fed men, the Plumed Serpent becomes first the Mask and finally but the emblem of the White God of the Heavens, he of the turquoise face and the pluvian beard, holding aloft the world-tree as he rides upon his Serpent raft, evoker of flowers and fruits and strangely also the persecuted, the sufferer, and the Lord Consoler In the British Museum may be seen his emblems, among the most splendid of all remains of Aztec art, supposed to be the very insignia which Montezuma sent to Cortez in the belief that the Ruler of the Seasons had returned once more to be at one with his people.

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SENTIMENT A SANTA FE ASSET.

INTERVIEW WITH DR. LUMMIS

"You can't do business on sentiment, but you can't do it without sentiment," said Charles F. Lummis, speaking of the value of sentiment in Santa Fe. "You've got a monopoly on sentiment here—the rarest and most prized thing in the United States. There are only two or three places in the country that have it and they prize it

above everything else. It's what people go to Europe to see—sentiment. Santa Fe would be as foolish to lose it as a baker would be to give up a monopoly on bread and go to cobbling shoes."

From his pocket Mr. Lummis pulled out a curious silver cigar lighter through which ran a long wick. With a flint and steel he made a light for his cigar. This machero was of old Spanish silver made in Lima in 1530—a valued possession in a noble Peruvian family. There was an interesting story as to the way it was given by the last descendant to Mr. Lummis when he was in Peru.

But I wanted to hear more about Santa Fe from this man who had known and loved the old town for more than forty years. He spoke of the days when he first walked into Santa Fe in 1884 on his walking trip across the country from Ohio to California. I asked him what changes he noticed most since those days.

"The noise," he said promptly. "There's no sense to this constant honking in these short blocks. Most people come here to rest and get away from city noises but I couldn't sleep in Santa Fe for the honking. That's why I'm happy out at Tesuque with my old friend Eugene Manlove Rhoades. We both work at night and if the burros bray in the morning it doesn't disturb us. We got used to that in the early days.

"After the noise, I'd say that the thing that has impressed me most about Santa Fe this time is the fact that the town seems to be pulling together. You seem to have come to a realization of keeping Santa Fe not 'Different,' but itself. I believe that you've come to realize the value of sentiment and of preserving that above everything else."

"By encouraging the Santa Fe style of architecture?" I asked.

"Yes, that is a tremendous step. There should certainly be a city building commission to pass on every permit. Santa Barbara had to have an earthquake to wake up to the value of Spanish architecture. I hope Santa Fe won't have to go through such an upheaval as that before all the citizens, and particularly those property owners around the plaza realize that Santa Fe must be kept as nearly historically true to itself as possible. Santa Barbara's 'Street in Spain' is perfect and has set an example for all the southwest. They got all the property owners on an entire street to agree to a certain Spanish type. Now they are planning to bring whole sections into the same harmony. They have a lever to use on nonconformists because the banks refuse to loan money, unless the specifications are passed on by the building board. But Santa Fe doesn't have to build a street in Spain—all the streets should be streets in New Spain, should be stamped

with the individuality that has made this place important for three centuries. Santa Fe doesn't need to and shouldn't import an artificial atmosphere—all she needs to do is to be herself. Do you know what I think would be the greatest thing Santa Fe could do right now?"

"Restore the portales around the plaza," I suggested.

"No—restore the original wall around the town. 'The Only Walled City in America'—that phrase in itself would be worth a million dollars a year. It would be an easy matter to find out just where the wall ran for the Spanish archives and histories have full accounts of where it was when the town was besieged. Keep the old town within the walls and make them all conform to a modified style. Of course it has to be modified somewhat for we have to have modern plumbing and heating and lighting, but the whole could be kept simple in character, with no buildings more than two stories."

"Not even if they were four or five stories and terraced up like the Taos pueblo?"

"Well of course that would be the only possible way to do it. But even so I think it's a bad thing to start building more than two stories. It dwarfs all the other buildings and ruins the effect. There is lots of room here thank God and a chance to spread out. You don't have to be jammed and jazzed in here as you are every other place. And

you don't have to duplicate towers on every corner. There's a chance for interesting variation while keeping to the Indian-Mexican feeling.

"Take the Fiesta bowl for instance—I think that is a stroke of genius—carving out the hillside and using that wonderful natural setting. It stamps the whole thing as being of Santa Fe for that couldn't be duplicated anywhere else in the country. That first night with the bonfires burning on the hills and the Indians sitting on the terraces, as they do on their own housetops, made a picture that every one will remember. I have heard a hundred people speak of it this fall and more will be impressed with it each year."

"What do you think this influx of tourists will do to the 'Strange Corner of Our Country;' I asked remembering the Fiesta crowds. Mr. Lummis' famous book of this name was one of the first to attract people to New Mexico.

"Well the 'Corners' are just as strange, but they are not as unknown now," he laughed. "I preached 'See America First' long ago and I've lived long enough to have my advice taken by millions of people. Santa Fe is being advertised so extensively that you can't help having thousands of tourists here every year. Maybe you don't like it but it's come and the thing to do now is to make it count for the logical evolution of the town.

"If people have discovered that we have

EL PALACIO

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PAUL A. F. WALTER, EDITOR.

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'Strange Corners' I think it's a good thing to have the tourist educated as to the value of the southwest and it's a better thing for the reaction it gives our own people.

"The Indian is our real aristocrat and has never lost his self-respect, but he has lost his own self-confidence in going up against our American competition. When we show our admiration for his dances and his crafts we go far toward restoring his self-confidence. The same thing is true with our Spanish people. Outside appreciation is teaching them to value more highly their own songs, dances, customs and arts. And it is awakening a response in the Ameri-

can citizenry for both these valuable contributions that will make all our lives more rich and interesting."—*Ruth Laughlin Barker in the New Mexico Sun.*

OTHER PEOPLE'S PROBLEMS —AND OUR OWN

A paragraph in the London Times of November 18 says that Professor Daniel Jones, of University College, London, left Victoria yesterday for Kenya Colony with the object of collecting and arranging the sounds of the Kikuyu language in order that Europeans might learn it properly, and also of helping towards the solution of the problem of how to write this language. He expects to complete his work there in about two months. Discussing the work of the Department of Phonetics at University College yesterday, he mentioned that hitherto most of their research work had been done with the help of natives in London. They had worked for a year and a half with a Bechuana native who was on a sort of deputation to the Government, and they had found out some remarkable things about that language not known to the two grammars in existence, or to the dictionary, such as that they distinguished one thing from another by the musical pitch of the voice, New Mexican students will note that the lang-

uage of the Bechuana has something in common with the Tewa language, in that it discriminates the sense of similar monosyllables by differences of musical pitch.

At Dr. Mationowski's seminar in the University of London, the students under his guidance are giving their attention this session to problems of race contact — the effects of contact with the white man's civilization on the health, prosperity and happiness of non-European races. The meetings of the University of London Anthropological Society are being devoted to the same subject. Interesting papers are being read by graduate students who have had experience in colonial administration or ethnological fieldwork in Africa, New Zealand, and the American Southwest.

A film based on Zane Grey's novel, " The Vanishing Race," has lately been shown in London to very large and attentive audiences. It will be remembered that the story turns on the alleged maladministration of an Indian reservation. British students who saw the film asked "Is the United States Government content to have its employees represented to the world as robbers and oppressors of the people committed to their care? Should not a Government defend its employees or else reform them?"- An American student replied "you must remember that, outside a small circle of scientific men and phil-

anthropists, the great American public looks on the Indian as negligible — almost as a joke." This may be true of the Eastern States; is it true of the Southwest?

Edwin W. Smith's little book, "The Golden School: some aspects of the Conflict of Cultures in modern Africa," (Holborn Publishing House, Clerkenwell Road, London, 1926, $1.40) should be read by all students of ethnology. Mr. Smith deals with African material, but what he says is of universal application. Where many pages might be quoted, let us take this from the chapter "How are the Africans governed?"

"At first sight it appears more consonant with our professed duties as Trustees to bestow upon the Africans all our culture, in place of their own. Do we not believe this to be the very best in the world — our language, our literature, our educational system, our democratic institutions? Can it be that we are acting rightly towards our adopted children if we withold any of these things from them? Some people, like Mr. Louis Vignon, oppose assimilation on the grounds that Africans do not think, and constitutionally are incapable of thinking, as Europeans think. But others adopt a totally different attitude. They do not despise the African. On the contrary they believe that to deprive him of his own tongue and social institutions is to inflict an intolerable wrong upon him . . . . His culture is not equal

in value to the European's; but poor as it may be *it is the African's own* — the expression of his ethos. It is capable of development, and it is the Trustee's duty and privilege to help him to conserve it, to breathe a new spirit into it, to mould and shape it in harmony with the lessons we teach him."

Substitute "white American" for "European" and "Indian" for "African," and this paragraph will bear thinking over. B. A.

IN THE FIELD

Pre-Spanish Finds Near Santa Fe

In cleaning out the workings of the noted turquoise mines at Bonanza, fourteen miles south of Santa Fe, early in October, Colonel Chester Smith in charge of operations, discovered entrances to old workings that had not been disturbed apparently for centuries. In addition to taking out the customary stone axes and hammers of which the mine has yielded hundreds, there were found a beautifully fashioned ceremonial axe and a bowl of what appears to be very old black and gray ware. There is every indication that the turquoise deposits were worked before the advent of the Spaniard, the product of the mines, no doubt, forming objects of barter

that found their way eventually to regions far remote from the mines.

In running a trench with a ditch machine, the contractor laying the sewer pipes on the western outskirts of Santa Fe shattered pottery vessels of corrugated and what appeared to be black and white ware. The contractor insisted that the cache of pottery was at a depth of fourteen feet, beneath strata of gravel and boulders. Above these appear several streaks of charcoal. The site is a hundred yards or more from the Santa Fe river and considerable height above it. The gravel and boulder strata beneath which the pottery rested show no sign of having been disturbed before being turned up by the ditch digging machine.

PAINTERS AND SCULPTORS

Wichita Art Association

The Artists Guild of Wichita is holding its second annual exhibition in Library Hall, Wichita, Kansas, during the month of December. The Artists Guild is entirely independent of the Wichita Art Association and is composed entirely of new work, nothing being shown this year that had been exhibited before.

FINANCIAL SUMMARY 1926 FIESTA

Indian Theater and Equipment

RECEIPTS			EXPENDITURES	
2 Contributors at	$200.00	$400.00	Expense	$4,409.42
7 Contributors at	$100.00	700.00		
16 Contributors at	$50.00	800.00		
1 Contributor		40.00		
1 Contributor		35.00		
28 Contributors at	$25.00	700.00		
2 Contributors at	$20.00	40.00		
7 Contributors at	$15.00	105.00		
2 Contributors at	$12.50	25.00		
51 Contributors at	$10.00	510.00		
38 Contributors at	$5.00	190.00		
1 Contributor		3.88		
1 Contributor		2.00		
		$3,550.88		
Deficit		858.54		
		$4,409.42		$4,409.42

INDIAN FAIR

RECEIPTS		EXPENDITURES	
Admissions and Commissions	$1,717.70	Expense	$,2,567.11
Dougan Fund	85.00		
Contributions	302.43		
	$2,105.13		
Deficit	461.98		
	$2,567.11		$2,567.11

FIESTA

RECEIPTS		EXPENDITURES	
Ticket Sales	6,551.85	Indians	1,813.81
Conquistadores Ball	1,429.00	Printing & Adv.	1.605.18
Advertisements	1,000.00	Entertainment	1,467.41
Interest F. N. Bank	65.00	Pageantry	1,137.37
		Transportation	708.83
		Spanish Muisc & Band	675.35
		Rain Insurance	399.00
		Conquistadores Ball	303.41
		Photography	236.17
		Policing, etc.	156.00
		Office Expense	112.98
		Telephone, Telegraph, etc.	54.87
		1925 Fiesta Expense	10.20
			$8,690.58
		Surplus	355.92
	$9,046.50		$9,046.50

Total Receipts		Total Expenditure	
Guaranty Fund	$2,166.04	Theater	$4,409.42
Theater Subscriptions	3,550.88	Indian Fair	2,567.11
Indian Fair	2,105.13	Fiesta	8,690.58
Fiesta	9,046.50	Balance in Hand	1,201.44
	$16,868.85		$16,868.85

PERMANENT EQUIPMENT

Benches 730	$1500.00
Garden Hose, 300 ft.	50.00
Water line, 1600 ft.	600.00
Bench shed, 14 X 30 X 12	200.00
Ticket Booth	50.00
Wire fence inclosing park	1000.00
Pick, shovels and tools	50.00
Indian kitchen equipment	50.00
Tents, (14) 10 X 12	
Tents, (1) 12 X 14	150.00
Cross bows, guns, sabers (wood)	50.00
Plaza gate curtains, heavy canvas	35.00
Two flags, Spanish and Mexican	20.00
52 khaki sleeveless coats	104.00
18 uniform pants, red cotton flannel	25.00
Bank uniforms, 14	100.00
Shirts, blue cotton flannel, 18	20.00
Capes, 62, red with yellow lining	104.00
Pants, black oilcloth, 62	124.00
Frontier uniforms, khaki, 19	200.00
Fancy uniforms, 17	400.00
Bunting, red and yellow, 40 yards	25.00
Spanish soldier hats, palmetto, 108, felt, 10,	40.00
Plaza booth covers, heavy duck, 10 X 16, 8 red, 6 yellow	150.00
American soldier uniforms, 20	200.00
Blue cotton flannel suits, 8	35.00
Plaza lamp covers, canvas, 23 yellow, 8 red,	175.00
Plaza banners with brass rods, 67	35.00
Franciscan robes, gray cotton flannel, 16, brown cambric,8	18.00
Foot lights, tin, wired	40.00
Women's costumes, Indian, 6	12.00
Indian Theater	5,000.00
	$10,582.00

The Fiesta Chorus, the Trobadores, most of the pageantry cast, Director Edgar L. Hewett, Assistant Carl A. Bishop, Sam Hudelson, the Museum staff, and many others gave their services free of charge. The Museum gave office work, light, telephone, etc., free to the Fiesta. The School of American Research gave grounds without cost. The Fiesta Art Exhibit was no expense to the Fiesta.